when across the gulf of air come sailing the snow-white tropic birds with the floating plume of their white tailf eathers like a long streamer behind them; at such times it can be felt. It is there, despite the fact that Tahiti is now but an empty shell of beauty, from which the glory is largely departed and which the majority of her present owners and visitors merely abuse. And by way of illustration I shall dare to say two things.

In an English cathedral of to-day—say Ely or Peterborough, or Lincoln or Chester—it is im-possible not to be aware of a spirit that is passed, a something gracious, vital, lovely, whose ghost but lingers on the air. The stones remain in all their loveliness ; there is music and prayer and comely furnishing; waiving controversy, the present holders put these buildings to a decent use ; but, even if one is a heathen or a heretic, one knows that something is gone to which this

building properly belongs. One may not even feel, taking all in all, that one wants that ancient religion, that monasticism, that strange mediaeval life which created the place, back again, but of that I do not speak. I merely use the illustration : standing there alone